

## LIFE VS. ART

A conscientious young Boston mother, who tries to bring up her children in the modern manner, decided she ought to take them to the art museum. So she took John, aged 6, and Anne, aged 4, and spent an afternoon among the pictures and statues.

When the children arrived in the room given up to ancient statuary, the little boy seemed much impressed. He walked carefully around the figures, eyeing them from all angles, but saying nothing. His mother made no comment, leaving him to form his own opinions.

The next morning when John was taking a bath, little Anne in all innocence pushed open the bathroom door.

"Here, you Ann!" shouted John. "Keep out of here! Don't you know this is no art museum?"

### Moral Tale of Ebenezer.

Ting-a-ling! went the bell, and Ebenezer, the industrious one, sprang from his stool and in a moment stood in the room of Maxim Multigrift, the millionaire financier.

"Ebenezer," said the chief, "I have observed your industry. Your zest for work astonishes me. No detail seems too small to escape you, no task too great for you to accomplish. You are the first to arrive in the morning, and the last to leave at —"

"Oh, thank you, sir—thank you!" cried Ebenezer, and waited, wondering whether it would be a five or ten shilling a week



raise, or whether it would be a managership for him.

"Hence, Ebenezer," growled Multigrift, "I want you to clear out this week. It's men of your stamp who worm out all the business secrets, and then go and start a rival show in the next street. Hop it!"

He had dropped a nickel in the slot of a telephone pay station and stood patiently waiting. He was full to the brim. He read the instructions and took down the receiver.

"Number?" asked central.

"Fife centsch."

"What do you want?"

"Spearmint."